

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hor. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
 And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
 Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
 Therefore I haue intreated him along,
 With vs to watch the minutes of this night,
 That if againe this apparition come,
 He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, it will not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
 And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
 That are so fortified against our story,
 What we haue two nights seene.
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
 And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
 When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
 Had made his course t'illumine that part of heauen
 Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
 The bell then beating one.
Enter Ghost.
Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.
Hor. Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that faire and warlike forme,
 In which the Maestie of buried Denmarke
 Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*
Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale.
 Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
 What thinke you-ont?
Hor. Before my God I might not this beleue,
 Without the sencible and true auouch
 Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe.
 Such was the very Armor he had on,
 When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
 So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
 He smot the flegded pollax on the ice.
 Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
 With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
 But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
 This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
 Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch
 So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
 And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
 And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
 Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
 Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
 What might be toward that this sweaty hast
 Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
 Who ist that can informe mee?
Hor. That can I.
 At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
 Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
 Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
 Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
 Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
 (For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
 Did slay this *Forinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
 Well ratified by lawe and heraldy